

AND FINALLY PARDONED

HENZE AND KAISER WRITE THEIR STORIES.

JACOB HENZE DESCRIBES A CONDEMNED MAN'S FEELINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC BY JACOB HEAZE.

"One would think that continued repair from a dema sentence would give a poor devil such confidence in his luck that his fear of ultimate death on the gallows would grow less and less, but I assure you that was not one case with me. The arony became greater all the time. The first time I faced death, I dain't believe it could happen. I still had faith in my innecence, but when the day for the execution was set the second and third time I gave up all hope. As the awful day came nearer I lost all desire for eating, and what I did ent seemed to choke me. I couldn't sleep at nights, and sometimes during the day, when I did fall asleep I dreamed of nothing but the gallows, and often Henry would see me start up from my cut with a grean. Plus textible state of mind grew worse every time we got a new lease on life. There were times when I wished the law would take its course and that all would be over, for the suspense was unbearable. I felt like I could nerve myself up to the last ordeal, but that I couldn't no through those awful spells of waiting, waiting for what seemed sure to come in the end. The first reprief was the most welcome, the one that came before our sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, made scarcely any impression on me.

"What was the use of keeping up hope, only to be told on such and such a day you'd have to meet your fate anyway? When the final relief from the death sentence came I was too far gone to realize what it meant. Juil life had been bard on me. It note me weak, and often tears come to my eyes when I thought that I was suffering innocently. But a man get's used to many things, and so

I got used to a criminal's fate. Prison life was very monotonius, It was work and sleep, I worked in the

Prison life was very honorollains. It was work and sleep. I worked in the saddle tree department, and my friend, Henry, in the shoe shoe.

"They told us that we were exemplary prisoners, at any rate we tried to be. As in the St. Leuis juil, Henry and I occupied the same cell in the penitentiary. Yes, we were there aimest live years to the day. We knew that our friends hadn't given us up for lost, but there was not match encouragement that came to us from the cutside world. Mother and my sister came up to Jefferson with every excursion to see me, and that was one of the bright spots in our miserable

"About a month ago we were told that we would probably be pardened. We talked about it with some of the prisoners, and the deputies and guards rather encouraged us in the belief that we would get out.

"On the morning of the day on which we were set free, one of the guards came to our cell and said:

ne to our cent and said.
"Hoys, I thought you'd be gone before this time?"
"Still, I didn't believe that we would get out so seen. Mr. Shevlin, who has worked so hard and successfully in our behalf, came to us and said that he

"How soon? I asked.
"'In a menth," he said, although he knew that it would be much sooner.
But he didn't want to disappoint us, lest there should be some hitch. I was almost as had as Henry, when the guard told us to put on our clothes and make

"No, no more nousense for me, nor any more drink after this awful experience, It'll be 'work and go home,' 'work and go home'; that's the safest plan a man can pursue who has been in my fix."

JACOB HENZE.

GRIEF OF TWO MOTHERS NOT YET ASSUAGED.

mingled his tears with those or his slaugh-ter and grandchildren, when the graceome news of Jake's arrest was first corried to them; who scanned the newspap is closely for favorable reports of the trial of his does not recognize in the man of 50 thm young fellow of II, who went hence under such distressing conditions. He has lost trace of his name and identity, and looks vacantly into the prison-blanched face of the son, come back to his family.

One of the sisters. Hence has three was IR for a year or more from the shock given to her sisterly lave, and out in Pickett. Cometery lies the body of the grandmother, Cometery lies the body of the grandmother, whose weary even closed in death before they could beheld once more therboy who was her best beleved in life. While the jey is great in this humble little bearing on Herbert street, sorten and grid have been too strong and of too long duration to be dispelled so easily.

It is the same over on Cozzens avenue, only a few blocks over from the title.

The wall tells a bitter stery of her own and tells a bitter stery of her own and white of the machines in the short step, the subdied conversations with his cellmate and co-sufferer, have robbed his value of its fermer ring.

Good Omen Came With the Gift of a

Psychologists tell us that great and saidden joys are as dangerous in their effects
on the human system as great and stadion
serrows. This is literally true in the case
of the mothers of Hense and Kataer. Mrs.
Henze is prostrated by the excitement of
the return of her sen. She took to her bed
the moment be arrived, and has not left it
since. All the years of weary waiting for
told as heavily upon her as this sudden
joy. She bore up havely for her chilitera's
sake. Often she went to Jefferson City to
visit her son and husy him with her faith
in his innecence, and her hope of allmats
delivery frem a harsh and cruel fats. When
he returned at hist and she wound her
loving arms about him, poor son; she
broke down completely.

Her old father, Mr. Charles Kantz, when
mingled his tears with those of his daughter and armachilitren, when the gruesame
the father deal cannot have on a first travely as the
initial state with those of his daughter and armachilitren, when the gruesame
the father of an armachilitren, when the gruesame
the father deal cannot have on a first
for larged closely to his break, the limit cannot be now here to his he such the sent the switch of a particular to the switched to it. They marked it
miss a budgen was a long-necked, angainly youngstep then, and the longly warm despread to understep them, and the longly warm of its there' were said
they have been filled as peaced to understep them, and the longly was a long-necked, angainly youngstep them, and the longly men at once hecamber was a long-necked, angainly youngstep them, and the longly warms of it.
Into a feat share, when the sent in the one of the
same dendy youth-call to it. They marked it
into a feat share, played with it, taked to
it have been glayed with it, t the little traceles exalist the cold, and he tilled his pockets with food enough to keep the feathered companion alive on a trip around the world rather than a few hours ride to St. Louis. It was a pathetic birture this hard-used, at heading man, present to his heart the pasteboard improvised came of his riny collected. The bird has been installed in a new ergs now and house in a smill window of the Corners are now in the control of the corners are now and are the control of the corners are now and are now as a smill window of the Corners are now and the control of the control of the corners are now and the control of the control o

Forgot How a Mirror Looked. his every would not be complete without traiting a little incident that happened at Tague's last Thirsday hight where undestains Hawes, in the geoduces of heart, controduced the delivered pre-cise to civilized treatment and the good

Cometry lies the body of the grandmother, whose weavy eyes closed in death before they could beheed once more therbory who was her best believed in life. While the jey is great in this humble little heasehold on Herbert street, sorrow and grief have ben too strong and of too long duration to be dispelled so carify.

It is the same over on Cozzens avenue, only a few blocks away from the little.

There a mother, crippied with rhemation, weeps over the gands of was the color of their street home, and in the same latitude. There a mother, crippied with rhemation, weeps over the gands of nor only son now. When he left her, seven years ago, to face a prison cell and a gallows' tree she fud mather son, George, a few years younger than then yet he pined the army during the Cuban war and weak killed in that terribe rair road a math who keeps, the arithment of her account that she can be recognized to the rather of the lost of the gardy healths that he is friend as for most sleep a wink since his return. She misses and persecuted creating, the lost of the lost of health for body as the cuban gardy health her, and to reduce the lost of the lost of health of t

THEIR PARDON PAPERS.

The papers formally pardoning Henze The most tenderly cared-for creature on the train that brought Police Commissioner Harry Hawes and his two proteins them Jefferson thy to St. Louis last Thursday Hawes received them in the morning mail

THE SUPREME TRIAL OF TWO MEN. DE

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. To look death in the face eight times within the brief space of two years, that was the supremest of the supreme agonies enduted by Jacob Henze and Henry Kaiser, the two men who have just been freed from a life sentence in the Jefferson City Penitentiary. Guilty or innocent of the crime of murdering Stockman Edwin E. Brown on March 2, 1893, of which they were convicted mostly on circumstantial evidence and the testimony of a perjuring negress, the anguish which besets the conscious man on the threshold of death was theirs eight consecutive times.

It may be that a man whose hands are steeped in human blood becomes stoical concerning his own fate. It may be, on the other hand, that innocence lends a courage that gives to the victim of erring justice that dignified demeanor which is termed "gameness."

However, this is only speculation, for temperament and disposition have much to do with the acceptance of this terrible fate, intensified by the ignominy of the death cause.

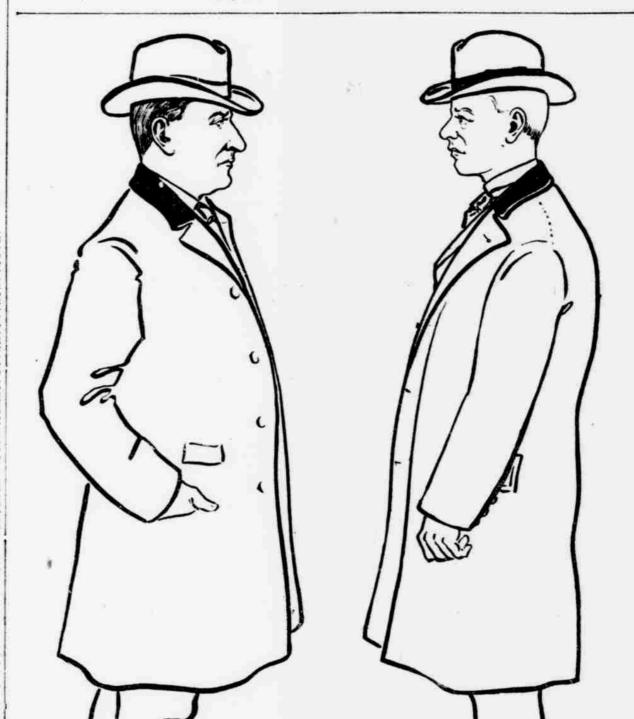
In the case of Henze and Kaiser conjectured guilt gave neither stoicism nor injured innocence that heroic pride of which we read in history that was the attribute of political martyrs.

According to the personal statement of these two men, whose experience is more strange and weird than fiction could paint, they not only suffered untold anguish for days before the death sentence was to be executed, but this anguish increased each time they faced the awful goal again.

Both men are now 30 years old. They were searcely more than boys when, by some mystic chain of circumstantial evidence, the murder of Brown was fastened upon them. Death is far more grim of visage, as it peers into the face of youth, than when it beckons after years of suffering and disappointment. And such a death! When Henze, Kaiser and McDonnell were arrested a few days after the murder of Brown, they felt

so confident of instant dismissal and relief from the fearful suspicion of bloodshed which clung to them that they advised their families not to spend any money for lawyer's hire. "We'll be out in a few days," they said repeatedly to members of their families, who visited them in

It is wise perhaps to preface the recital of their awful agony with this statement born of conscious innocence, for it contrasts strangely with what follows.



JACOB HENZE.

There has been a great deal of a change in the personal appearance of both Henze and Kaiser since they were first charged with the murder of Stockman Brown, Neither man is as heavy as he was, and, although both on their return from the penitentiary were well clad,

there still linger many little indications of prison wear.

Both men were accustomed to wear a mustache, but now, owing to prison regulations, they are smooth shaven.

SACRIFICED HIS LIFE

WRITTEN FOR THIS SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
The ching of being a hero is something of their as a large of heirs, and hero is something that is not reserved for solidiers and men of the sea. A railroad brakeman, with any other inscribe death for the mere stake of having his signal seen and saving the leves of the rails. Sinday mentions is signal ascen and saving the leves of the rails. Sinday mentions is signal seen and saving the leves of the rails. Sinday mentions is signal seen and saving the leves of the rails. Sinday mentions is signal seen and saving the leves of the rails. Sinday mentions is signal seen and saving the leves of the rails. Sinday mentions is signal seen and saving the leves of the rails. Sinday mentions in the sinday area and saving the leves of the rails. Sinday mentions in the sinday of the seal special seen the possible of the south include of the track. Almost as he did not remained of the mention of the south inclinating the attempts of the south inclinating the attempts of the south inclinating the attempts of the south in the winkling of an eye.

The other was the other could keep them open in the dark among American that the length of the track. Almost as he did not railly the south the level that the south that may have been because it was the other who was hard the could keep them open in the admitted that the simple of the south the south the simple of the south the south

SACRIFICED HIS LIFE

IN DISCHARGE OF DUTY.

In the control of the second of the second

man the crew found that the switch was too showed that it was near at hand. But wave the was paid to obey orders. So he stayed short to hold all the cars of the train, and as he would, the engineer gave no sign that on the track, while the red spot grew has too time to make another sidns. The had seen the lamera held out to wath

HENRY KAISER

STORY FULL OF PATHOS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC BY HENZE'S FRIEND.

I wondered if I heard correctly when the first sentence of death was pro-nounced upon Jake and me on one of the warmest days in that sultry month of July, 1806. All I felt was a sinking of the heart and a sense of utter forformess, But Mr. Krum, our attorney, came up to us just then and told us not to lose faith. He said he would appeal the case, and that renewed our hope. What worried me more than anything else just then was the latter anguish of my family. I never told my sister, when she came to see me nearly every day, just how we were getting along, because I knew she would tell mother, and I didn't want to werry her. But they read the newspapers and were pretty well posted about us. The Supreme Court, as you know, confirmed the sentence on November 50, 1893, and we were condemned to be executed a month from that day. Great God, how I dreaded that Christmas Day to come! We are Germans, you know, and my poor old mother used to make things jolly for us children, as best she could with our small means. But to know that that day drew nearer and nearer-I can't even now talk of it without shuddering. Then the reprieve came just a week before the execution was set. You don't know how I felt, you can't know. The relief it brought was great, but it wasn't as great as the fear and agony I had endured. Seven times that same thing was repeated, and every time the strain was greater than before. The last time the death watch was set upon us, I utterly collapsed. Three hours before I was to meet death on the gallows came the last reprieve and the commutation of the sentence to life im-prisonment. I was lying on the bed in the murderer's cell, trembling all over, Jake was there, too, and he was lying on the other cot, Neither of us could stand on our feet. Mrs. Lee, who had been very kind to us during our continement, was with us, and she knows that we couldn't utter a word for a good many minutes. I was so weak and overcome with emotion, that I couldn't get up from the cot, but just haid there and let it gradually come to me that that awful shadow of death at least had passed away. Dan Donovan, whom you probably know, can tell you of the terrible agony I went through. In my fear of the awful impending fate I pressed the nails of my fagers so deeply into the palms of my hands that blood trickled from the bruised and lacerated skin. Mr. Donovan felt awfully sorry for us, and was so impressed with our innocence that he went up on the train with us to Jefferson City to see the Governor and to tell him that he belived we were innocently condemned.

You ask what was my first thought when I heard of our pardon? I can't tell

"You ask what was my first thought when I heard of our partour I can't ten you. When a man has suffered so long for a crime that he hasn't committed, he quits thinking. One of the deputies came up and said this:

"Boys, get your clothes; you can go back to St. Louis."

"We had heard that we were to be pardoned, but we didn't know just when. In fact, we had been led to believe by kind friends, who didn't want to raise our like wealthy that probable we wouldn't be likewated for hopes and then have us disappointed, that probably we wouldn't be liberated for a month or two. But when the deputy said what he did, I began to tremble and shake all over. My hands just wouldn't keep still, and, to save my life, I couldn't pull off my striped coat and pants and get into my other clothes without help. Yes, the suffering was terrible, but it sover now, and I can begin life again."

and sent out for the men to come to his them can do you no good and may do you

and sent out for the men to come to his office.

In delivering the papers Mr. Hawes took occasion to give the men some advice as to the course that they should pursue.

"It is just as well for you to know," he said, "that you are in a position where you are heing closely watched by friends and enemies alike. You must be careful to keep yourselves clear of association with any one whose course of behavior is likely to get him into trouble with the police. One of the greatest dangers to you will be in the fact that all the friends of convicts now in prison will seek you out and try to force themselves upon you in efforts to learn of the condition of the men you knew in the penitentiary. Then these convicts, when they are liberated, will also seek you out and try to make companions of you. Be very careful of them. Association with

was the wreck of the lantern,

People from the express crew went forward, and soon came in sight of the head-light of the engine of the freight train. They told what had happened, and the comrades of Graig went to gather up his remains. These were leaded into the express train to be forwarded to his relatives at Carbonaise.

the world a hard place after the husband and father has been killed.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH, ENGINEER AND AUTHOR.

York, is a house filled with interesting curios, pictures, tapestry, pottery, etc. This for twenty years has been the home of a man who spends his life in the pursuit of three professions; engineering, art and literature.

As the senior member of the firm of Franch II. Smith he builds hightheuses, sea in the midst of all these varied activities, fancy a man of medium height, erect, wells to his movements.

stere at fifty dollars a year. Two years later he became asolstant superintendent in a Baltimore iten foundry owned by his brother. Then the war broke out, and the big foundry closed its doors. The young man's prospects were gloomy enough when he went to New York in 1882. It was white to New York that he made up his mind, at 25, to become an engineer, and started at the work in earnest, and at the bot-tom, too. After a while he got into contract work for himself, and associated with him in business his present partner, James Symrigton, who is also an artist. Four years later he undertook his first engineering con-tract, the construction of the stone icebreaker around the Bridgeport Lighthouse. Then came the Block Island breakwaters, the Jettles at the mouth of the Councilient River, the Governor's Island sea wall, the foundation of the Statue of Liberty, the Race Rock Lighthouse at New London, and many other similar works. When once asked which of his achievements gave him the most satisfaction, Mr. Smith answered: "The Race Rock Lighthouse." breaker around the Bridgeport Lighthouse.

The Race Rock Lighthouse." His taste for art seems to have been in-herited. His great-grandfather, Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was an amateur in water colors, his great uncle, Judge Joseph Hop-kinson, was the first president of the Acad-emy of Pine Arts, in Philadelphia, and also

Mr. Smith began to paint when a boy, and although his art work has been done mainly in the intervals of a busy life, he has at-

costive condition. Price of pills is 25 cents train had been stopped, searchers found bits of his body where they had hung to the wheels of the ergine, the tender and the first two cars of the train. Back further his advice, and that is how I stumbled into

It is but just to add that "Well-Worn Roads" was successful from the outset. It They told what had happened, and the comrades of Craig went to gather up his remains. These were leaded into the express train to be forwarded to his relatives at Carbondale.

Then the two trains passed each other on the short siding, and went their ways, one of the crew of the freight train went back on the express. He was the brother of Samuel Craig, and he, too, was a brakeman.

They buried the remains of Craig at Carbondale Sunday. He was unmarried. People said that was fortunate, for the widow and the children of a brakeman find the world a hard place after the husband that the service of the crew of the remains.

They buried the remains of Craig at Carbondale Sunday. He was unmarried. People said that was fortunate, for the widow and the children of a brakeman find the world a hard place after the husband that the service of the crew of the crew of the remains of the crew of the crew of the crew of the delineation of character, with fine, subtle strokes, and has an exquisite blending of pathos and humor.

Since these service efforts, Mr. Smith has published through Messrs. Houghton, Mif-

literature."

fin and Company a long list of very popu-lar povels and stories, such as "Tom Gro-gan," "Gomiola Days," etc., his "Calch West, Master Fiver," published in the spring of 183 being his most successful book

Every year Mr. Smith takes a vacation of three months, and goes directly to Vena ice, where he has been spending his sum-

cts H. Smith he builds lighthouses, sea walls, sub-marine foundations, etc., while many charming water colors of Venice, Holiand, and Constantinophe, its well as his novels and short stories, bear the individual name of F. Hopkinson Smith. To these various occupations he added, in the past year or two, lecturing on art and literature and readings from his books.

Born in Haltmore sixty years ago, of good old Virginia stock, F. Hopkinson Smith, at the ago of fifteen, altended a preparatory school in the Orloic City, intending to enter Princeton. But a year before carrying out his plan, reverses in his father's business changed the course of his whole life. At sixteen he was subjudged clerk in a hardware store at fifty dollars a year. Two years store he became assistant superintendent in the course are superintendent in im a unique place

FOUR THOUSAND GEESE IN A FLOCK.

To the Editor of The Republic YOUR recent article, stating that 1,500 geese were shipped from Cape Girardeau, and the belief expressed that this was an unusual number of geere to be found in one drove, prompts me to furnish your readers with some goose statistics.

Our firm began receiving goese about September 1, and began slaughtering on December 1 last. We have killed 2,000 geore. Of these we froze up for future shipment 1,622; the residue we shipped to New York as we sinughtered. We sold alive L400, to be shipped to New York, and have 600 still feeding, making 4,000 in all. In the same time we bought more than 6,000 ducks, of which we have killed and shipped 2500,

In the time we held the fowls they were In the time we held the fowls they were fed 5,990 bushels sliced pumpkins 500 bushels sliced beets, over 300 tons cracked corn and probably 500 bushels shelled corn. The numpkins, beets and cracked corn were boiled; the corn fed dry. The when bought would average sixty to sixty-